European war, 1914-18 - Religious aspects
and moral aspects
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THE GRAY MAN OF CHRIST

Generalissimo Foch

BY
JOHN STEVEN McGROARTY
Author of "The Mission Play"

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Walter A. Abbott

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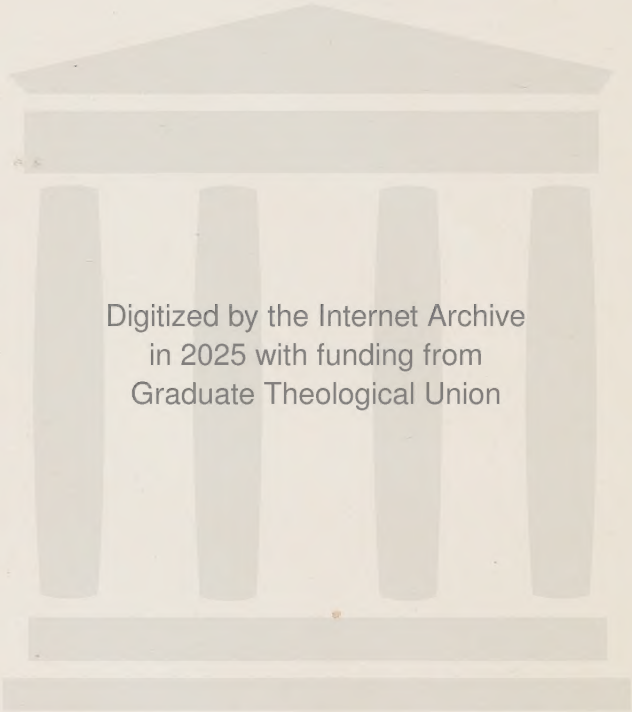
WALTER A. ABBOTT
LOS ANGELES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INTRODUCTION

"The Gray Man of Christ" appeared originally in the Los Angeles "Times," on October 13, 1918, as an editorial article. Its appearance made an instant and a profound impression on the community, which rapidly spread throughout the country and the world.

It is safe to say that no editorial article in any newspaper at any time has been so widely republished or so universally admired as "The Gray Man of Christ."

The demand for it in more durable form has been so general and so insistent that the present little volume, containing three other articles, was thought advisable.

Permission to reproduce the article, together with those that follow it, is due to the courtesy of the Los Angeles Times, in which great newspaper all the articles herein contained appeared, and all of which are from the pen of the author of "The Gray Man of Christ."

The author is Mr. John Steven McGroarty, one of America's best-known and most beloved poets, dramatists and historians. He is a native of Pennsylvania, where he spent the earlier years of his life, and where he was successively teacher, journalist and lawyer.

For the past twenty years or more Mr. McGroarty has been a resident of California, and it is here that his most enduring literary work has been done, with the promise of even greater achievements in the future.

His most monumental work, and that which will doubtless do more than all else to make his fame immortal, is his "Mission Play," now so well known throughout the civilized world.

This greatest of all pageant dramas was first produced in its own specially conducted theater at the ancient Mission of San Gabriel Arcangel, in Southern California, on the evening of April 29, 1912. It has since been performed over 1,500 times in the presence of a total of more than a half million people, growing ever more popular with each recurring season. Among its witnesses have been many of the most eminent personages of the world.

The Play, by means of both drama and pageantry, portrays the romantic and colorful Franciscan enterprise in California, which resulted in the founding of the white man's civilization on the western shores of America. More than 100 persons participate in the portrayal, among whom are numerous descendants of the aboriginal Indian tribes that were converted to Christianity by the Padres.

It is a purely historical play, although with an exalted religious tone, which is, however, without sectarian bias. Throngs of Indian and Spanish dancers and musicians enliven its stirring scenes. Eminent professional actors portray the leading roles, each in their turn, during succeeding years.

Mr. McGroarty is also the author of "California," the most popular current book dealing with the history and romance of the Golden West. Besides this, his poems have had, and still have, a wide appeal. He has written a novel and many short stories, thus having invaded (and always with striking success) every avenue of literary endeavor.

His home is in the little Vale of Monte Vista, at the foot of the picturesque Verdugo Mountains, about twenty miles distant from Los Angeles, where he is ideally situated and from whence comes promise of future literary inspiration which the world will welcome with the same enjoyment it has experienced in his past achievements.

CHARLES MAURA PYKE.

Los Angeles, California,
December 16, 1918.

THE GRAY MAN OF CHRIST

I

Christ's Gray General

As the tide of battle in the great war turned more and more from doubt and anxiety to the certainty of victory, there loomed with startling vividness in the world's imagination the figure of one man whose genius has exceeded that of any other soldier of whom time has made record.

This man is General Ferdinand Foch—the Gray Man of Christ.

This has been Christ's war—Christ on one side, and all that stood opposed on the other side. And the generalissimo, in supreme command of all the armies that fought on the side of Christ, is Christ's man.

This may seem a strange statement for a secular newspaper to make. But, it is the business of a newspaper to get at facts. If the facts are of a supernal nature, it is still the business of the newspaper to get at them and to record them.

And the fact is that, owing to the genius of Ferdinand Foch, the Hun stood with his back against the wall—a wall that was soon to crash and crumble upon his head and annihilate him forever from the face of the earth.

And the additional fact is that the deeper we question as to who Foch is, the clearer is the answer that in every act of his life and in every thought of his brain he is Christ's man.

If you were to ask him, "Are you Christ's man?" he would answer, "Yes."

It seems to be beyond all shadow of doubt that when the hour came in which all that Christ stood for was to either stand or fall, Christ raised up a man to lead the hosts that battled for Him.

Whoever does not realize this and see it clearly as a fact, he does but blunder stupidly.

There will be a crowding company of critics now that the war is ended, and they will all be filled with the ego of their own conclusions. They will attempt to explain the genius of Foch with maps and diagrams.

But, while they are doing so, if you will look for Foch in some quiet church it is there that he will be found humbly giving God the glory and absolutely declining to attribute it to himself.

Can that kind of a man win wars? Can a man who is a practical soldier be also a practical Christian? And is Foch that kind of a man? Let us see.

II

If you were to know a man who came home every night with a bag filled with gold nuggets, you would naturally be curious to know where he went to get them.

In the same way, when you see a soldier winning battles you are curious to know from what source comes his genius.

Where, then, did Foch go for the strength and magical power to bring home the marvelous victories he has won over Prussia and the unholy alliances she made to crush the world and drive freedom from the earth?

We have the answer close at home. A California boy, serving as a soldier in the American Expeditionary Forces in France, has recently written a letter to his parents in San Bernardino in which he gives, as well as anyone else could give, the answer to the question we ask.

This American boy—Evans by name—tells of meeting General Foch at close range in France.

Evans had gone into an old church to have a look at it, and as he stood there with bared head satisfying his respectful curiousity, a gray man with the eagles of a general on the collar of his shabby uniform, also entered the church.

Only one orderly accompanied the quiet gray man. No glittering staff of officers, no entourage of gold-laced aides were with him; nobody but just the orderly.

Evans paid small attention, at first, to the gray man, but was curious to see him kneel in the church, praying. The minutes passed until full three-quarters of an hour had gone by before the gray man arose from his knees.

Then Evans followed him down the street and was surprised to see soldiers salute this man in great excitement, and women and children stopping in their tracks with awe-struck faces as he passed.

It was Foch. And now, Evans of San Bernardino counts the experience as the greatest in his life.

During that three-quarters of an hour that the generalissimo of all the Allied armies was on his knees in humble supplication in that quiet church, 10,000 guns were roaring at his word on a hundred hills that rocked with death.

Millions of armed men crouched in trenches or rushed across blood-drenched terraines at his command, generals and field marshals, artillery, cavalry, engineers, tanks, fought and wrought across the map of Europe absolutely as he commanded them to do, and in no other manner, as he went into that little church to pray.

Nor was it an unusual thing for General Foch to do. There is no day that he does not do the same thing if there be a church that he can reach. He never fails to spend an hour on his knees every morning that he awakes from sleep; and every night it is the same.

Moreover, it is not a new thing with him. He has done it his whole life long.

Men who do that which Foch does have no doubts. When Premier Clemenceau, the old tiger of France, stood on the battle front with anxious heart, one look at the face of Foch stilled all his fears. He returned to Paris with the vision of sure and certain victory.

The great agnostic statesman doubted, but the Gray Man of Christ did not doubt.

III

The facts, then, in the case, are that when the freedom of the world hung in the balance the world turned to Foch as the one great genius who could save it against the Hun; and that Foch, who is perhaps the greatest soldier the world has produced, is first of all, a Christian.

What is the use of listening to materialists in the face of these facts? Where did the man go who brought home his sack of gold nuggets every

night? Where did Foch go who brought home a victory every day?

If he went to the chemists, to the war councils, to the map makers, and to them alone, well and good. That's what the Kaiser and Von Hindenburg and Ludendorff did, and so the materialists would give us their answer.

But that is not what Foch did. He went to God. He went to Christ, who turned back Paul on the road to Damascus; to the Nazarene, who raised Lazarus from the tomb; to the Wanderer, who went up the dark path to Calvary and hung there upon the tree between two thieves that the sins of the world might be washed away.

Is it not our tradition that such a commander, compared to whom Alexander and Constantine and Napoleon and Caesar stand as corporals in Lilliput, should be inacessible in his lordly grandeur from the eyes of common men?

And yet, young Evans of San Bernardino, just an everyday American boy from under the shadow of old San Gorgonio, spent nearly an hour with Foch in an old French church, and not even one bayonet was there to keep them apart.

They represented the two great democracies of the world, but there in that old church they represented, jointly, a far greater thing—the democracy of Christ.

IV

The war is ended, and it was Foch who won it.

The Kaiser prated much of God, but we know that his "Gott" is not the God who gave us Christ as His only begotten Son. You shall search the utterances of the Kaiser in vain to find one single reference of his to Christ, or one appeal that he has made to the Son of God.

The Kaiser, and that Prussia which he builded up, thrust Christ out. Alien is He to the Hun as He was to them that slew Him.

Of Him was the prophecy that He would come to be the Prince of Peace. For such a Prince the Hun could have no longing and no love, because it was foretold that through Christ there would come an end to war.

"For all the armor of the armed man in the tumult, and the garments rolled in blood, shall even be for burning, for fuel of fire."

And now that the trumpets sound the clear, sweet call of peace across a broken world, the victors kneel at the feet of Christ, and at the head of all the weary yet rejoicing host kneels Christ's gray general, Ferdinand Foch.

WITHOUT WHICH WE PERISH

I

A young Kansas soldier, the son of a minister of the gospel, has written to his father in Wichita one of the most remarkable letters of the many that have come from our soldiers who fought for the freedom of the world in France.

This letter had nothing to say about the battles, or the raids, or going over the top, but dealt with something far more vital and fundamental. It was a letter about religion.

What this young man had written, and that which thousands like him have written and shall continue to write in the form of letters "to the folks at home," will in themselves, if collected in book form, constitute a unique history of the war.

For it is to be remembered that the best and the brainiest of our young men were "over there" with the Allies. They are the product of generations of freedom and the liberty of thought. Their powers of observation and visualization are of the very highest order.

The young Kansas soldier's letter is a vivid pen picture of religious service which he attended on an Easter Sunday morning, with his regiment and others, "somewhere in France."

"The service was held on the steps in front of what was at one time a church," he says. "Now

there is nothing left of it but a part of the tower and a part of the four walls and a few beams of the roof."

Still it was a shrine, and these American boys gathered together eagerly in the shadow of its memories to pray. They were far from home and all the ties of home. But they could not forget.

"Probably in that assembly there were men of as many faiths as I could count on the fingers of four hands," the letter continued. "Yet they were there, joined in a mutual brotherhood, all gathered with the single purpose of worship. . . . I wondered again that it was as it was, Catholic and Scientist, Protestant and nonsectarian, side by side."

Nor did this restless young brain stop at that in its challenging ruminations. What was it that caused him to be there, in the dim light of dawn, clad in the trappings of war in an alien land? What was the cause of the bloody conflict in which he found himself engaged?

In his searching and clear-minded analysis, his logic is focused inevitably on Germany. Then, in the quiet parsonage at Wichita, the minister reads in the conclusion of his son's letter the staggering thought:

"Is it not natural that when the foundation of a great people, which is their religion, begins to

crumble, after a while the whole structure of their civilization will fall with a cataclysmic crash?"

Ah, there we have it all. We need not seek the sages and the wise men, the economists, the scientists or the professors of the schools.

This boy from Kansas has grasped and answered the whole question.

When the religion of a people crumbles, their civilization falls with a cataclysmic crash. Their history ends. Time folds them away with 7000 yesterdays.

II

The reasons that the civilization of Germany "fell with a cataclysmic crash," as it now so rapidly has done, is that the religion of the German people crumbled.

If America shall ever permit its religion to crumble, then its civilization will also fall and crash.

We say this not as a preacher would say it from a pulpit in a church, but as a profound fact of history which must, sooner or later, be recognized as a fundamental doctrine of political economy.

The German state, after forty years of diabolical education, succeeded in weaning the German people away from their old-fashioned relig-

ion, and implanted in their minds, instead, the doctrine of the superman, which is called "Kultur."

Insidiously, yet successfully, a pagan god like Thor was set upon the places where the high altars of the old German people stood.

It is true that the Kaiser untiringly referred to God, but it is this god of paganism which he has in mind—his partner and not his Creator. He never referred to or called on Christ. He never invoked the spirit of the Holy Spirit to guide him.

The German state completely stamped out Christianity from its thoughts and plans. Nietzsche, Germany's glorified apostle of the superman, who died in torture, a raving madman, expressed fully the mind of the German state in one blasphemous utterance:

"Christian morality is the most malignant form of all falsehoods; it is that which has corrupted mankind."

Could the civilization of a people who accepted a doctrine so bold and lying and damning as that, in place of religion, fail to crash and crumble?

With this doctrine firmly seated on religion's place in the mind of the German people, is it not easy to understand the colossal impudence of the thing they have tried to do? Murder and rape, assassination, slavery, robbery and every form of

bestiality becomes justified and a duty of conquest at the behest of such teaching.

Its effects became more and more apparent every day the war proceeded. Material and spiritual misery is the inevitable lot of Germany.

She has sown the wind, and she shall reap the whirlwind.

III

There was a greater genius of war than either Ludendorff or Hindenburg or the Crown Prince (God save the mark), who, after conquering a world, only to die chained upon a rock in a lone isle of a lonely sea, saw truth clearly at last and left his vision spoken behind him for all ages to hear.

This was the great Napoleon, brightest of all stars in the constellation of olden battles.

"Here upon this rock, which is consuming us both," he said to an officer who shared his exile on St. Helena, "you cannot tell me who Jesus Christ is. Well, I shall tell you. He was more than a man. Alexander, Caesar, Chalemagne and myself founded empires; but our creations depended on force. Jesus Christ alone founded His empire on love, and to this day millions would die for Him. He unites to Himself not a nation, but the whole human race."

The diseased brain of Nietzsche regarded this utterance, and all similar utterances, with reeking contempt. The German state stamped it out as mental inanition.

Every civilization, before Napoleon's time, crumbled and crashed when it abandoned religion, just as the civilization of Germany was doomed to fall now.

Babylon, Rome, Greece—all fell. The religion they had was the best there was before the Wandered came to Galilee. And, such as it was when they abandoned it, they fell.

IV

America, today the greatest of nations, was founded upon religion. It is to religion it owes its strength and success, and not to any belief that its people were or are supermen.

Washington prayed to God in the snow at Valley Forge. Lincoln, in the dark hour of the rebellion, went on his knees to God in the White House because, as he said, "There was nowhere else to go." There is a Christian President in the White House today who stakes all his hopes and his country's hopes on religion.

We sent our boys to the battlefields of Europe and Asia surrounded completely with the atmosphere and the agencies of religion. The letters

they wrote to us at home are radiant with the faith that sustained their fathers and their fathers' fathers, in all the republic's crucial days.

Hence, they were an army invincible. The Hun could not destroy them as they crossed the sea sown with deadly mines, and still more deadly with murderous submarines. On the fields of France they have stood like a stone wall against the flower of the superman's troops.

They drove the German state back into its own confines and will force it, at its own table, to sign a peace that it shall never be able to dishonor.

The power of religion has been pitted for the millionth time against the power of materialism. And the power of religion prevailed, as it has always prevailed.

It was a sad awakening for that remnant of the German people in whose souls is still left the tatters of ancient Christian faith on which they first builded. The rod is heavy upon them. They must go back upon the dim, lost highways of their history and find their religion again—the religion without which they perished.

They must rebuild their fallen altars and renew in their hearts the simple faith in which they were long happy and well content before the curse came on them.

We shall grow stronger, richer, ever more pros-

perous as the years go by. In material ways we shall perform miracles.

And it is then that we must be wary lest we find our feet on the way to Babylon.

We must never permit ourselves to become insensible to the need and the power of religion. Wherefore, clinging to the Rock of Ages, Freedom shall not perish from the earth.

THE HAND OF GOD

I

The sun stood still upon Gibeon, and the moon was stayed, five kings fled and hid themselves in the cave of Makedah, and the Amorites were delivered unto Joshua.

There was also another time when the sea was divided and the children of Israel passed dry shod between the walls of the parted waters. And when the hosts of Pharaoh followed, the waters closed in upon them, engulfed their chariots and swallowed up the armies of the Egyptians, foot, horse and dragoon, to the last man.

And upon still a time again, amidst the revelry and the drunken feast, the doom of Babylon was written against the candlestick on the plaster of the wall in the palace of Belshazzar.

It was all very long ago, in the days of old, and the Hand of God was on the world.

And, things like unto these have happened now, and in every thoughtful mind the question arises: Is the Hand of God upon the world again?

We have the facts above related from history. They are chronicled in the Bible, which, among other things, is the best authenticated history in existence. The statements must be true. No scholar now disputes the statements set down in the Bible, irrespective of his religious beliefs, or whether he have religious beliefs at all.

It being a perfectly authenticated fact that there were times in the past when God interfered with or directed the affairs of men in this world, is it not logical to suppose that He may well do so again?

It is the same old world that God flung out of the hollow of His hand. Man is the same being of soul and body now that he was before the pyramids were builded or Noah set out in the Ark on the vast adventure of the deluge.

Surely there is as much reason to suppose that the hand of God is, therefore, upon the world now as in any other time of the past.

And, if it be true, the least thoughtful man that breathes the breath of life today may well be sobered to the most serious contemplation of this manifestation.

If it be true, then it must also be true that there is a God and that He still rules the world. And, this being true, every other fact of which we have possession sinks into trifling insignificance.

II

Without attempting anything far-fetched, is it possible for one who has knowledge of both old times and new to find parallels in Bible history with the events of the past four years?

Not only is this possible, but the parallels are so sharp and so striking as to leave one almost breathless with astonishment.

Is it far-fetched to liken the heroic stand of Beligum against Germany in this war to that day when the sun stood still on Gibeon in order that Joshua might have more time?

The war would have ended with victory for Germany in less than three months after it began had not Belgium barred the path of the Hun as he rushed with his mighty armies to Paris. Neither France nor England was ready. It all depended on Belgium to make the sun stand still until they could be ready.

And that is just what Belgium did. In all the annals of war there has never been a stand so heroic. Albert of Belgium is the Joshua of our times.

And again, even as the sea was parted for the children of Israel, and they passed safely between the parted walls of the waters, so have the great ships passed with 2,000,000 Americans through mine-sown billows and shoals of deadly submarines, reaching the shores of France almost unharmed and with scarcely the loss of a man.

It was the boast of Germany that we could not land an army in France to fight against her, and she was well prepared to carry out her boast. But, our army was landed. Its flag unfurled its

stars of glory on Flanders' fields; its arms turned the tides of battle to victory on the Marne.

There will be explanations of the wonder of this by those who make maps and diagrams and who deal in the chemistry of depth bombs and the machinery of engines. But, will their explanations wholly satisfy? Will there not still be something of it yet that can be explained only by the nature of a miracle?

And, lastly, are not the kings seeking again the shelter of the caves? Has not the writing been seen on the wall of the palace of the Huns' All-highest King, playing like forked lightnings amidst the battle lusts of his reborn Babylon?

III

Now that we know the stupendous scheme on which Germany planned this war, and, knowing also how thoroughly prepared she was to carry her plans to a successful conclusion, and knowing also how ill-prepared the rest of the world was to withstand the onslaught, how shall we explain Germany's utter defeat?

It was the hand of God that defeated Germany. There is no other explanation that can ever hope to satisfy the mind of any man.

With her allies armed to the teeth and trained

down to the last minute, Prussia would have crushed the world had only man opposed her.

Say what you will, you cannot escape this conclusion when all the facts are before you. The power of man in all the rest of the world stood futile to bar the path of Prussia and the Central Powers when they set forth, four years ago, to lay the whole earth subject at their feet.

But there is a greater power than man. And that's all that could or did save the world. The hand of God reached down from the high heavens and barred the Prussian's path. And it has sent him now reeling, bloody and broken, back to the waters of the Rhine.

Is it not all very plain and easy to see? Go back upon the fiery pathway of the past four years and you will have no trouble to find an answer to every doubt.

You will come upon that hour when the nations of the heroic and forever immortal Entente were at their last gasp. And then America stepped in.

America had voted to stay out of the war. Her people, with one voice and one mind, had determined to keep hands off. It was in no way a quarrel of ours.

And yet, what happened? Day by day we saw ourselves being drawn in. Incident after incident occurred to force us into the fight. Ger-

many, egged on by what can be explained only as fatality, acting against her own reason and every element of common sense, flung one insult and injury after another in our very faces till we simply had to fight.

What was that but the hand of God directing and ordering the affairs of men?

For, from the very moment that America declared war against Germany, the unholy cause for which Germany contended was irretrievably and forever lost.

Yet, Germany did not fear us. Her allies did not fear us. They knew we had no army. And they knew we had not ships to carry an army to Europe, though we would raise an army up. And those were the facts.

But, in less than one year we had both the army and the ships. In less than a year the brood of the bald eagle had broken Germany across its knees.

Wherefore, shall we ask the engineers and the map makers and the chemists to explain to us how was done this thing that the greatest engineers and map makers and chemists in the world said could not be done?

They cannot give the answer. We must instead look up to the mystery of the stars and try to see the hand of God reaching down through their majestic and infinite traceries.

IV

In this wonderful hour—the most wonderful that the world has ever known, save one—even the most elemental intelligence must bow humbly down in acknowledgment of the Lord God of the Ages.

When we think of Armenia, safe after more than a thousand years from the incessant butchery of the filthy and unspeakable Turks; when we think of Poland freed at last from the nameless and indescribable torture of Prussia and the awful curse that Bismarck put upon her; when we think of one enslaved people after another shaking now the shackles from their limbs and standing once more radiant and glad in the loving and all-embracing sun, we behold miracles not less than any told in Holy Writ.

Therefore, the inevitable conclusion must be that God is still in His heavens. His hand is still upon us.

And, this being plainly the case, it is for the peoples of the world to vow themselves to God for all time to come. They must never again surrender their liberties to kings or to groups of statesmen or soldiers. They must have no king but God.

Out of the ashes of this blackened and

broken world that lies under our feet today, there must be made a new world in which there shall be no more hatreds, no more wars.

Under the banner of the Prince of Peace, all men must be as brothers, else the Hand of God has come again upon the world for naught.

THE PRINCE OF PEACE

I

Once more the Prince of Peace resumes His scepter in a broken world from which He was banished to be again a wanderer, with no place whereon to lay His head.

The bloody years have passed, the bugles sing truce across the hills of morning after the sorrow and suffering and agony of the night. Once more are silent the iron throats of the guns. The red swords sink back to their worn scabbards.

Peace on the rocking hills of death; peace in the rent and ravished valleys; peace among the gaunt ghosts of once green forests and on the moaning shores of haunted seas.

He rules again who died upon the tree of Calvary. The eyes that looked their tragedy from the Crucifixion now smile once more serenly with the light of Resurrection.

It is the Great Dawn; it is the second hour of the world's redemption. The feet of Christ are lifted again from the dust of Damascus.

What protocols the generals have signed upon the blackened fields, what terms the vanquished to the victors yield—these matter much. But, what matters more and most is that Christ again walks down to Galilee, His garments shining in the sun.

"The captains and the kings depart," but the Prince of Peace returns.

In His keeping are the dead who died for liberty as once He died for the sins of men. Out of the reeking trenches it is His face that the worn and wearied soldiers see.

Thrones crumble and the crowns that monarchs wore are tumbled in the ancient rust of earth to be buried there with the baubles of yesterday.

But, there is one throne that has not crumbled, one crown that gleams with a new luster of its everlasting glory. It is the throne that was builded in the manger of Bethlehem; the crown that was made of thorns before the house of Pilate.

Red are the poppies in Flanders' fields; white are the lilies somewhere still in the vales of France. Long were they crushed beneath the invaders' brutal feet. But, now they lift up their petals again in gladness.

They leap to new beauty now; they fill their cups with the cooling dew; they feel the iron heel no more; it is the Prince of Peace that walks among them in sandal shoon.

II

Ended at last is the bloodiest and the most heinous war of which time has any record.

In a Christian world, amid countless shrines erected to Christ, a nation that counted itself a part of that world and that boasted of its shrines, suddenly bared the hypocrisy of its soul.

Through long years of peace it wrought in secret upon instruments of destruction; behind its masked smile it hid the dreams of rapine and murder that were in its heart.

By day and night it brooded upon the hour when it would make envious the departed spirits of its barbaric progenitors in one wild blood-drunken revel of all the seven deadly sins.

And the day came. And, when it came, the very fires of hell itself were loosed upon the shuddering earth.

In the most brutal war that had ever been known before, there was always some semblance of mercy or of pity to be found, somewhere at some time, even among those who laughed as they put their victims to the sword.

In this war there was none. The Goth was outdone, the Vandal was outstripped, the ancient Hun in his filthiest debauches was outvied.

In order to school itself to its diabolical task, Prussia reached back into a heathen past and

furbished for its own special uses the fiendish philosophy that there was found.

In this philosophy the God of the Christian world was contemptuously dethroned, and what they called "the old German God" was set up in His place.

More than that, and as the final necessary achievement, they jeered and mocked at Christ.

What use had they for that lowly Wanderer who came out from the tender shadows of a humble home in Nazareth? What use had they who plotted assassination and murder against an unsuspecting world for Him who wore no armor upon His breast and who grasped the hilt of no sword in His gentle hands?

And yet, tonight, when the voices of the guns are hushed, the voice that spoke on Olivet is heard in all the wide-flung German fatherland, whose pride is crushed forever.

It is the insistent voice that will not be stilled. It is the voice that speaks when all others are mute. Neither thrones nor guns can silence it.

III

Let whoever will have what visions he may in this vast hour of gladness; there is but one vision they see who rest now upon their arms

across the battle-blackened fields that stretch between the narrow seas and the red waters of the Marne.

It is the vision of the Prince of Peace.

It is the vision that the soldiers of freedom forever saw across the trenches; the face of the Wanderer that haunted the shell-torn nights and that gleamed through the ghostly mists of the zero hour, and moved in mystic radiance among the shadows of No Man's Land.

It is the vision that made lighter the weary pack upon the soldier's back, that steadied his stumbling feet in the deadly dark, that soothed him when death came to put cold dews upon his brow and film his eyes with the summons to take the long journey West.

To Him alone have they clung who cowered in the ruins of their broken homes in all the ravished lands of war. It was His name that was on their lips in the tragedies of their griefs.

When hope seemed fled and despair sat gibbering with hideous face upon their roof trees' broken rafters, they called on Him. There was no other refuge save the shadow of His wing. There was no other hand to cover their defenseless heads.

And now, as the trumpets ring upon the morning hills, it is His name they speak again—His name and only His.

Amid the wild sobs of joy, in the salvos of the camps and amid the ashes of ruined hearths, it is His feet they bathe with the torrents of their tears —the tender feet, the tireless feet that were nailed upon the tree.

Fleeing like hunted dogs to what secret havens they may find are princes who flaunted the proud plumes of their power but yesterday. Into the oblivion of eternity has been flung, with Odin and Thor, that ancient German god that failed Prussia in its hour of need. The crack of doom has sounded in all their brazen ears.

But the Prince of Peace is not fled. Still stands the throne He builded in the souls of men. They press His crown of thorns against their hearts.

IV

This is the gladdest hour the world has ever known since that hour when the star-guided Magi trekked the desert trails with gifts of frankincense and myrrh. Out of the womb of that hour is this hour come.

To feel gladness to the full it is necessary first to have known pain. And God knows that the world has known now such pain as it has never known before.

Like the waters of the sea is the blood that has been shed; like the sands of the shore are the

lives that have been sacrificed. Things that men wrought out of the dreams of their very hearts and in the visions of their souls have been broken into dust.

Yet, there is solace; there is still compensation. Those who died that the world might be free are now folded in the Everlasting Arms. The Gates of God swung wide in welcome for them. The humblest name among them all will never perish from the endless memories of earth.

Rheims that was shattered, and Louvain that was stricken in its wondrous beauty—we need not mourn the loss of them. After all, they were but wood and stone and plaster.

That which was of them that was immortal could not be destroyed, and this was that they were sacred to the memory of the Prince of Peace. His footprints are yet where stood their stately arches and their shadowy naves. There never was the crudest handful of earth or the simplest stone moulded in His name that can ever perish.

It is the great new dawn; it is the hour for which earth has endured through all the countless centuries.

Upon the banners of the free peoples, with which is entwined the starry flag of God's own America, Christ folds the glory of His nail-pierced hands.

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